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OTTAWA is the seat of justice of La Salle county; is situated at the junction of the Fox river with the Illinois, 290 miles, by water, from Saint Louis, and mid-way between Chicago and Peoria. The population of Ottawa is about one thousand.

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From the New York Mirror.

THE HUNTER.

Give me the bending heavens above,
The prairies broad below,
A merry glance from her I love,
My rifle and my bow.
I crave no silver for my pouch,
No wine-cup mantling high,
Nor broidered vest, nor downy couch,
On which the care-worn sigh:
With conscience clear, and steadfast mind,
My cares I whistle to the wind.

If I am hungry, I can wing
The wild-bird as he flies;
Or thirsty—yonder crystal spring
My sparkling draught supplies.
The deer must yield his dappled coat
My vig'rous limbs to don:
The eagle his bright plume to float
My fearless brow upon.
I am content—canst thou say more,
With pride, and pomp, and treasured store?

From the N. Y. Planet.

LOVE MELODY.---Sambo's Serenade.

"Oh! wake, thou lubly queen ob night,
And see thy Sambo kneelin' here;
Dar's not a star dat's half so bright
As you, my lub, my Dinah dear!

"My lub for you swells mountain high:
Oh! charmin' Dinah, do come soon,
And wid a twink ob dat bright eye
Put out de light ob dis pale moon!

"No udder gal but you I lub,
To you alone am Sambo true;—
Dar's old Cuff's dartar—Sukey Scrubb,
You know I gibb'd her up for you.

"Den listen to your Sambo's song,
Thou blusful long lost Plaidee!"
Oh, Gosh! she keeps me deblish long
A playn' ob dis melody.

De angel mus' be fas' asleep
While I is waiten on de grass;
I tink I'll to de winder creep,
And peek right tro' dat broken glass.

Oh! dar she is, de lubly queen,
Her cheeks would shame de rose's bloom!
"Here! what de debil do you mean
By peekin' in dis private room?"

"Oh, Dinah dear! for but one glance
Ob dose bright eyes I'd risk my life;
My berry soul dose eyes entrance,
More flashin' den a new jack-knife!"

"Now, Sambo Pink, I tells you what,
I wont be woken wid dis stuff;—
You wid your song had bes' absquat,
You've troubled me, I tink, enuff.

"For if you come dis away agin,
And wake me when I'm gone to bed,
By George! I break your nigger shin,
And smash your empty wolly head!" T. W. E.

Adventure of a Ranger among the Indians in Illinois.

We do not know that we can fill a few columns more profitably, than by relating an adventure of our neighbor and friend Mr. Thomas Higgins, as we have heard it from his own mouth. He resides within a few miles of Vandalia, and receives a pension from the United States, for his services. The following statement may be relied upon, for Mr. Higgins is a man of strict veracity; his companions have corroborated his narrative, and his wounds afford ample proof of his courage and sufferings.

Tom Higgins, as he is usually called, is a native of Kentucky, and is one of the best examples extant of the genuine backwoodsman. During the last war, at the age of nineteen, he enlisted in the *Rangers*, a corps of mounted men, raised expressly for the protection of the western frontiers. On the 30th of August, 1814, he was one of a party of twelve men, under the command of Lieutenant Journey, who were posted at Hill Station, a small stockade, about eight miles south of the present village of Greenville, and something more than twenty miles from Vandalia. These towns were not then in existence; and the surrounding country was one vast wilderness. During the day last mentioned, "Indian signs" were seen about half a mile from the station, and at night the savages were discovered prowling near the fort, but no alarm was given. On the following day, Mr. Journey moved out with his party in pursuit of the Indians. Passing round the fence of a corn-field, adjoining the fort, they struck across the prairie, and had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile, when, in crossing a small ridge, which was covered with a hazel thicket, and in full view of the station, they fell into an ambuscade of the Indians, who rose suddenly round them, to the number of seventy or eighty, and fired. Four of the party were killed, among whom was Lieutenant Journey; one other fell, badly wounded, and the rest fled, except Higgins.

It was an uncommonly sultry morning; the day was just dawning; a heavy dew had fallen the preceding night; the air was humid, and the smoke from the guns hung in a heavy cloud over the spot. Under the cover of this cloud, Higgins' surviving companions had escaped, supposing that all that were left were dead, or at all events it would be rashness to attempt to rescue them from so overwhelming a force. Higgins' horse had been shot through the neck, and fell to his knees and rose again, several times. Believing the animal to be mortally wounded, he dismounted, but finding that the wound had not greatly disabled him, he continued to hold the bridle; as he now felt confident of being able to make good his retreat, he determined to fire off his gun before he retired. He looked round for a tree. There was but one, a small elm, and he made for this, intending to shoot from behind it, but at this moment the cloud of smoke rose partially from before him, disclosing to his view a number of Indians, none of whom discovered him. One of them stood within a few paces, loading his gun, and at him Higgins took a deliberate aim and fired, and the Indian fell. Mr. Higgins, still concealed by the smoke, re-loaded his gun, mounted, and turned to fly, when a low voice near him hailed him with, "Tom, you won't leave me?"

On looking round, he discovered the speaker to be one of his own companions, named Burgess, who was lying wounded on the ground, and he replied instantly, "no, I'll not leave you; come along, and I'll take care of you."

"I can't come," replied Burgess, "my leg is smashed all to pieces."

Higgins sprung from his saddle, and picking up his comrade, whose anklebone was broken, in his arms, he proceeded to lift him on his horse, telling him to fly; and that he would make his own way on foot. But the horse taking fright at this instant, darted off, leaving Higgins, with his wounded friend, on foot. Still the cool bravery of the former was sufficient for every emergency, and setting Burgess down gently, he told him, "now, my good fellow, you must hop off on your three legs, while I stay between you and the Indians, and keep them off"—instructing him at the same time to get into the highest grass, and crawl as close to the ground as possible. Burgess followed his advice, and escaped unnoticed. History does not relate a more disinterested act of heroism, than this of Higgins: who, having in his hands the certain means of escape from such imminent peril, voluntarily gave them up, by offering his horse to a wounded comrade; and who, when that generous intention was defeated, and his own retreat was still practicable, remained, at the hazard of his life, to protect his crippled friend.

The cloud of smoke, which had partially opened before him, as he faced the enemy, still lay thick behind him, and as he plunged through this, he left it, together with the ridge, and the hazel-thicket, between him and the main body of the Indians, and was retiring unobserved by them. Under these circumstances, it is probable that if he had retreated in a direct line towards the station, he might have easily effected his escape, but Burgess was slowly crawling away in that direction, and the gallant Higgins, who coolly surveyed the whole ground, foresaw, that if he pursued the same track, and should be discovered, his friend would be endangered. He therefore took the heroic resolution of diverging from the true course so far, as that any of the enemy who should follow him, would not fall in with Burgess. With this intention he moved stealthily along through the smoke and bushes, intending when he emerged to retreat at full speed. But as he left the thicket he beheld a large Indian before him, and two others on the other side, in the direction of the fort. Tom coolly surveyed his foes, and began to chalk out his track; for although in the confidence of his own activity and courage, he felt undismayed at such odds, yet he found it necessary to act the *general*. Having an enemy on each flank, he determined to separate them, and fight them singly. Making for a ravine, which was not far off, he bounded away, but soon found one of his limbs failed him, having received a ball in the first fire, which, until now he scarcely noticed. The largest Indian was following him closely. Higgins turned several times to fire, but the Indians would halt and dance about to prevent him from taking aim; and Tom knew that he could not afford to fire at random. The other two were closing on him, and he found, that unless he could dispose of the first one, he must be overpowered. He therefore halted, resolved to receive a fire; and the Indian at a few paces distant, raised his rifle: Higgins watched his adversary's eye, and just as he thought his finger pressed the trigger, suddenly threw his side to him. It is probable that this motion saved his life, for the ball entered his thigh, which would have pierced his body. Tom fell, but rose again, and ran, and the largest Indian, certain of his prey, loaded again, and then with the two others pursued. They soon came near. Higgins had again fallen, and as he arose, they all three fired, and he *received all their balls*. He now fell and rose several times, and the Indians, throwing away their guns, advanced on him, with spears and knives. They frequently charged upon him, but upon he presenting his gun at one or the other, they fell back. At last, the largest one, thinking probably from Tom's reserving his fire so long, that his gun was empty, charged boldly up to him; and Higgins, with a steady aim, shot him dead.

With four bullets in his body, with an empty gun, two Indians before him, and a whole tribe but a few rods off, almost any other man would have despaired. But Tom Higgins had no such notion. The Indian whom he had last slain was the most dangerous one of the three; and he felt little fear of the others. He had been near enough to see their eyes, and he knew human nature sufficient to discover, that he was their superior in courage. He therefore faced them, and began to load his rifle. They raised a whoop, and rushed on him. "They kept their distance as long as my rifle was loaded," said he, "but now, when they knew that it was empty, they were better soldiers." A fierce and bloody conflict ensued. The Indians rushed upon Tom, stabbed him in many places, but it happened, fortunately, that the shafts of their spears were thin poles, rigged hastily for this occasion, which bent whenever a point struck a rib, or encountered the opposition of one of Higgins' tough muscles. From this cause and the continued exertion of his hand and rifle in warding off their thrusts, the wounds thus made were not deep, but his whole front was covered with gashes, of which the scars yet remain in honorable proof of his valor. At last one of them threw his tomahawk; the edge sunk deep in Higgins' cheek, passed through his ear, which it severed, laid bare his skull to the back of his head, and stretched him on the plain. The Indians rushed on; but Tom instantly recovered his self-possession, and kept them off with his feet and hands, until he succeeded in grasping one of their spears, which, as the Indian attempted to pull from him, aided him to rise, and clubbing his rifle, he rushed upon the nearest of his foes, and dashed his brains out, in doing which he broke the stock to pieces, retaining the barrel only in his hand.

The other Indian, however warily he had fought before, now came manfully into battle. It is probable that he felt in character as a warrior at stake. To have fled from a desperately wounded man almost disarmed, or to have suffered his victim to escape, would have tarnished his manhood. Uttering a terrific yell, he rushed on attempting to stab the exhausted ranger, while the latter warding off the spear with one hand, brandished his rifle barrel in the other. The Indian unwounded, was now by far the most powerful man; but the moral courage of our hero prevailed, and the savage, unable to bear the fierce glance of his undaunted eye, began to retreat slowly towards the place where he had dropped his rifle. Tom knew that if the Indian recovered his gun, his own case was hopeless; and, throwing away his rifle barrel, he drew his hunting knife, and rushed in upon him. A desperate strife ensued, and several deep gashes were inflicted; but the Indian succeeded in casting Higgins from him, and ran to the spot where he had thrown down his gun, while Tom searched for the gun of the other Indian. Thus the two, bleeding and out of breath, were both searching for arms to renew the conflict.

By this time, the force which lay between the combattants and the main body of the Indians, had passed away, and a number of the latter having passed the hazel thicket, were in full view. It seemed, therefore, as if nothing could save our heroic ranger. But relief was at hand. The little garrison at the station, six or seven in number, had witnessed the whole of this remarkable combat. There was among them an heroic woman, a Mrs. Pursely, who, when she saw Higgins contending singly with the foe, urged the men to go to his rescue. The rangers at first considered the attempt as hopeless, as the Indians outnumbered them ten to one. But Mrs. Pursely declaring that so fine a fellow as Tom should not be lost for want of help, snatched a rifle out of her husband's hand, and, jumping on a horse, sallied out. The men, who would not be outdone by a woman, followed full gallop towards the place of combat. A scene of intense interest ensued. The Indians at the thicket had just discovered Tom, were rushing down towards him with savage yells—his friends were spurring their horses to reach him first, Higgins, exhausted with the loss of blood, had fallen and fainted—while his adversary, too intent on his prey to observe any thing else, was looking for his rifle. The rangers reached the battle ground first. Mrs. Pursley knew Tom's spirit, thought he had thrown himself down in despair for the loss of his gun, and tendered him the one she carried; but Tom was past shooting. His friends lifted him up, threw him across a horse before one of the party, and turned to retreat just as the Indians came up. They made good their retreat, and the Indians retired.

We repeat this adventure just as it was related to us, and have not the smallest doubt that it is literally correct; or as nearly so as Mr. Higgins' opportunities for observation would admit; for as he very properly observes, he was in a desperate bad fix just about that time, and it was a powerful bad chance for a man to take notice of what was going on around him.

After being carried into the fort, he remained insensible for some days, and his life was preserved with some difficulty by his friends, who extracted all the bullets but two which remained in his thigh; one of which gave him a great deal of pain for several years, although the flesh was healed. At length he heard that a physician had settled within a day's ride of him, whom he went to see. The physician was willing to extract the ball, but asked the moderate sum of fifty dollars for the operation. This Tom flatly refused to give, as it was more than half a year's pension. As he rode home, he turned the matter in his mind, and determined upon a cheaper plan. When he reached his home, he requested his wife to hand him a razor. The exercise of riding had so chafed the part, that the ball, which usually was not discoverable to the touch, could be felt. With the assistance of his help-mate, he very deliberately laid open his thigh, until the edge of the razor touched the bullett, and inserting his two thumbs into the gash, "flirted it out," as he assured us, "without *costing a cent*. The other ball remains in his limb yet, but gives him no trouble, except when he uses violent exercise. He is now one of the most successful hunters in the country, and it still takes the *best of men* to handle him.—*Southern Cabinet.*

The Deer Lick.

'Tis not expected that Michigan is so new and wild as the Oregon or the Iowa, but it was not long since the sun shone upon a few log huts of the hardy pioneer. A few had built their cabins upon the bank of a small quiet river for a neighborhood—which, in the wilderness, made more the appearance of a larger species of muskrat or beaver habitations, than of man. There they happily lived in semi primitive state, at once agreeable and romantic. As their rifles furnished their tables with the "fresh meat," various were the modes of procuring it. We give the practical efficiency of one. In the low lands, beside streams, were often found small salt springs, called deer licks, as the deer loved the brackish waters, which they only came to lap up in the night.

Near the spot a suitable tree is selected, and a platform of bark is constructed among the lower branches, where the hunter can rest secure and watch the approach of the timid animal.

I gladly consented to make one of a party of three. We started for the rendezvous a little after dusk, ascended the platform, pulled out our pipes, and commenced smoking to drive away the mosquitoes which swarmed around us. The moon was straggling through the clouds and the tops of the trees, and occasionaly beamed through brightly. The October winds swept lazily through the forest, and the distant howl of wolves was heard. An owl in a neighboring forest also regaled us now and then with a solo.

A snort! The deer approached, giving the shrill startling note of alarm, when their suspicions are excited. 'Twas old wise eyes in the next tree hooting. Now they approach! We took our rifles, and rested the muzzles on the edge of the platform in direction of the lick. They came along, stopping to listen every few steps. "There are four of them," whispered one, the most experienced of the party. "By the uncertain glimpse of the moon, I see five," said I. "One is a young one," said he, "that don't count!" Now they gathered around the lick, the old buck's horns reflecting in the clear spring. They dipt in their noses—we carefully cocked our pieces—Hoot-hoo-oo-oo-o! bellowed the old fool, the owl, and away went the deer. I snatched an apple out of my pocket, and dashed it away in the direction of his owlship, who flew away to some other stand.

In about fifteen minutes we discovered the deer stealing back. We crouched down, and they again dipped in, we each singling out one, and the word whispered—"fire!" We started suddenly to our feet, and *crash—down*—went the platform, and we heels over head, barking my shins and spraining another's wrist. The shrill whistling of the deer was heard for several miles around. Upon examining the ground, two were stretched on the leaves. A surgical, professional gash was made in the throats of both, and we were not long in dragging them home. They slid very easily over the leaves on their backs, head first.

The Husking Party.

Farewell the jolly husking night
The merry after scenes,
When Indian pudding smoked beside
A giant pot of beans! Whittier.

We like to recur occasionally to the customs and pastimes of our ancestors. Talk as we may of the gay masquerade, and the fashionable ball where beauty, and elegance, and refinement float down the dance, to the soft music, like the the lovely creations of a dream—the embodied spirits of joy, and light and music—who is there that will not turn a longing and a lingering glance upon the simple amusement of other times—when pastime went hand in hand with usefulness! We know that these may, at first view, appear rude and forbidding—that the sensibilities of the fashionables of the present generation would be shocked at the bare idea of a quilting frolic, an apple paring, or a husking harty.

The husking party takes place in those long, bright evenings of autumn, when the harvest moon is up among the stars, and the streams and the hills, and the old forest trees are brightening in its beautiful illumination. A group of happy and kind hearted beings of all ages and sexes, from the fair young girl down to the grey-haired old man, are assembled around the long and heavy piles of Indian corn, gathered from the field with its covering of husks. The whole length of the ample barn floor is lined with huskers, who, after a few preliminary jokes, betake themselves zealously to their task.

The presence of females in such a group will no doubt be objected to. But wherefore? Ask the grey-haired yeoman, if, in the days of his boyhood, it was deemed improper, or inconsistent with the dignity and delicacy of their character, for his female companions to join their brothers and their neighbors, in an evening's amusement of this nature. They would smile at the idea of impropriety. The assembly is not one of strangers, where doubt and apprehension must seal every lip and fetter every movement, but of those who have lived together as children of one family, and have met each other, at all times and at all places—in the kitchen and in the parlor—the field or the workshop, with the same frank smile of welcome. And pray where is the harm of mirth and pleasantry, tempered, as they are here, with pure, unsullied, natural modesty. There can be none. The parties have not mingled in the hollow world, and learned to tamber with the heart's best feelings, to curl the lip at sincerity, and betray without a scruple, the confidence of the artless and unsuspecting.—The girl who sets herself at the husking, and the lively, frank hearted youth beside her have no sentimental and novel-borrowing nonsense to exchange—they have never read and sighed over the pernicious pages of Moore and Byron, or looked on unblushingly at an immodest theatrical representation. On the contrary they have drawn their beautiful ideas of love and friendship from the praiseworthy examples and maxims of their ancestors; and, consequently, the vicissitudes of life—its alternate lights and shadows, are met without the bitter disappointment which follows so closely upon the dreams of the romantic and idle visionary.

Ah—there is mirth, life, and jollity in your genuine husking party! The huskers ply their tongues as busily as their hands while engaged in their pleasant task. Stories are related—songs are sung—jokes are passed—and soft words are spoken. Imagine to yourself, reader, the sight of a long row of fine, healthy looking girls, with glowing countenances and bright eyes and sweet smiles. Depend upon it, there is nothing like a sensible, good natured romp of a country girl—one who will play "hide and seek," and "blind man's buff," with you, but who would cuff your ears in indignation should you address her in language which more refined ladies would listen to with complaisance. During the process of husking, if a red ear of corn is found by any of the ladies, she is liable to receive a kiss from some one of the company. She, of course, hands the ear to her favorite beau, who readily understands the signal, and acts accordingly. The red cheek is sure to be redder before he leaves it.

After the task is finished, the company adjourn to the house—a supper is provided, and after partaking of it, the parties separate for their respective homes. But the genuine husking parties, we grieve to say it, are now rarely heard of. They have lost the spirit which enlivened them—a false refinement has broken in upon their pleasant amusement; and bright eyes and fair hands no longer figure at a husking.

A Bottomless Lake in Sussex County, N. J.

A writer in the Troy Morning Mail gives the following notice of a remarkable pond in Sussex county, N. J.

White lake is situated about one mile west of the Paulis Kill, in the town of Stillwater. It is nearly circular, and about one-third of a mile in diameter. It has no visible inlet, but its outlet is a never-failing stream of considerable magnitude. The name is derived from its appearance. Viewed from a little distance, it seems of a milky whiteness except a few rods in the centre, which, by the contrast, appears perfectly black. The appearance itself is singular enough, but the cause is still more remarkable.

From the centre or dark portion of the lake, at stated periods, innumerable quantities of shells are thrown up, of various sizes and forms, but all perfectly white. These float to the shore, and are thrown out upon the beach, or skin into shallow water. Hundreds of bushels might be gathered from the shores after one of these periodical uprisings; and the whole soil, for several rods on every side of the lake, is composed entirely of these shells, broken or decomposed by the action of the weather. In the centre of the lake, bottom has never yet been found, although it has been sounded to the depth of several hundred feet.

Where, then, is the grand deposite from which has been swelling up, since the memory of man, these countless myriads of untenanted shells? Is it possible, that though far remote and at an elevation of several hundred feet above them, this bottomless well may by some subtarranean communication, be connected with the grand shell-mail deposite in the eastern part of the state?

Active and Passive Love—are thus described by the Picayune:—"When a man stays out late at night, gets corned, strolls carelessly home, goes whistling up stairs, and is met at the top by his *cara sposa*, who combs his head and brandishes a broomstick and uses her voice actively, that is love in the active voice. When a pretty girl takes a kiss with perfect composure, and looks as if she wouldn't care if she took two or three more, that is passive love."

To take Grease out of silk.—If a little powdered magnesia be applied on the wrong side of silk, as soon as the spot is discovered, it is a never failing remedy, the dark spot disappearing as if by magic.

Pretty Keen.—"My dear," said a gentleman to a lady whom he thought to be married, "do you wish to make a fool of me?" "No," replied the lady, "nature has saved me the trouble."

A Pretty Mary.—The Philadelphia Spirit of the Times says, a girl named Mary Ann *Pretty*-man was brought before Alderman M'Call of Southwark, a day or two ago for stealing from an individual named Washington Black *five young sucking pigs!* Mary was committed to answer at the General Sessions.